



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

LH  
1  
Y2  
L7

B 483. D8 C

VOL. XXI.

No. V.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,  
CONDUCTED

BY THE  
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Hic natus erat magnus, nomen laudabile Venerandae  
Christianae Scholae, magnanimo PATRE."

MARCH, 1856.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS H. PELLE.

PRINTED BY T. J. STAYFORD.

MDCCLV.

## CONTENTS.

The Statesmanship of Edmund Burke, . . . . .	173
PRIZE ESSAY: The Mission of Science, . . . . .	177
Ode, . . . . .	184
The Skating Fairy, . . . . .	185
An Address to the Age, . . . . .	188
A Letter from the West Indies, . . . . .	189
The Ceremony of Social Intercourse, . . . . .	197
Solitude, . . . . .	201
National Songs, . . . . .	205

### MEMORABILIA YALENSIA :

Obituary, . . . . .	208
Linonia Bishop Prize Debate, . . . . .	209
Brothers' Prize Debate, . . . . .	209
Society Elections, . . . . .	209
EDITOR'S TABLE, . . . . .	209

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

---

VOL. XXI.

MARCH, 1856.

No. V.

---

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '56.

G. F. BAILEY,  
J. M. BROWN,

W. H. W. CAMPBELL,  
H. DU BOIS,

L. C. FISCHER.

---

The Statesmanship of Edmund Burke.

STATESMANSHIP has been termed national housekeeping. This homely description views the statesman only in his administrative capacity. Contemplated in all its relations, we must regard statesmanship, in respect to the *work performed*, or the sphere of the statesman's labor—to the *objects aimed at*, or the goal of the statesman's endeavors—to the *success attained*, or the statesman's reception.

Let us first consider the sphere of the statesman's labor. He is either the founder of the state or the administrator of its affairs. He either organizes ideas into institutions, or, the institutions being furnished to his hands, keeps them in operation. The one has the *constructive* genius, and forecasting the future conditions of society, adapts government to its wants. The other *leans on precedents*, studies his part, and becomes a manager of men, of conventions, and of parties. Each is necessary to the state. But the state architect, since he possesses the greatest skill, is entitled to the highest praise.

The objects of the statesman's endeavors are twofold. He either reverences ideas, and seeks to embody them in institutions, or he reverences

institutions, and maintains the established order of things. The one is a *radical*, who, rising above the accidents of his birth, seeks "new bottles for the new wine." The other is a *conservative*, who regards the actual attainments of mankind as the highest possible attainments. When the radical is successful, we accord him unsparing praise. To him society is indebted for progress. To him we look for the fulfillment of all the old prophecies respecting the great good of the coming age.

The consideration of the success of the statesman involves his fitness or unfitness for the control of the forces with which he must deal. He may fail from two causes. He may be in advance of his age, and his contemporaries may therefore regard him as a dreamer—his schemes as ingenious impracticabilities. Or his personal peculiarities, his temper and address may be so forbidding, as to thwart his best endeavors to carry out his views. In such a case, the world may be more indebted to him than to the statesman whose ideas run parallel to those of his countrymen. The latter keeps his countrymen content in the midst of miseries and dangers. The former, if he does not himself rescue them from their perils and disasters, points out a sure deliverance.

From this view of statesmanship in general, let us pass to that of Mr. Burke.

Burke did not live in the period of the organization of the British government. His times, however, called for the exercise of the reforming, remodeling genius, which is allied to that of the state architect. Here Burke failed. Had he been a member of the convention which framed our constitution, he could have proposed no other government than that of a mixed monarchy. In fact, the past was his book of instruction. To him the greatest achievements of the past were the most desirable achievements for the present and the future. In his own parliament, no great improvement in state policy was ever proposed by him. It is said in "British Eloquence," that "He was the greatest teacher of civil prudence the world ever saw." Possibly a government, like the English monarchy, might be framed from his maxims and suggestions; but one in no respect different or superior. The true value of this observation, then, is, that Burke's works contain invaluable suggestions for administering the mixed monarchy he served.

Nor did he excel as an *administrator* of public affairs. We shall see hereafter that his personal habits, tastes, and manners, as well as peculiar cast of mind, unfitted him for leadership. Yet he well knew when the spirit of the constitution was violated, when laws failed in efficacy, or officers in duty. He could see with his own eyes, and arrest the attention of others to the sunken rocks and the breakers ahead; but could

not himself direct the helm of state. He could not lead, but he *educated* leaders. He lacked, then, the highest architectonic skill, and also the practical administrative talent of the statesman.

The most prominent characteristic of his statesmanship, was his *conservatism*. He was by temperament, by education, and by the whole cast of his mind, a conservative. "Better maintain secure possession of one acre of soil, than hazard aught for an empire:"—such was the spontaneous language of his cautious temperament. His university education was conservative in a controlling degree. It is not strange that so few have graduated from the aristocratic institutions of England without a deep disgust for the people, and an overweening attachment for the privileged orders. The whole machinery of these institutions is fitted for the manufacture of supporters of England, as it is—not of England as it might, or ought to be. If it be true, that the opinions formed, the sentiments imbibed, and the attachments made, during the disciplinary period, abide with the man for good or for evil, then we think that Burke's education was an influence not to be overlooked, in the rearing up of this staunch and hardy conservative. His powerful imagination found in the past history of England all that was inspiring to an exalted patriotism. His first efforts foreshadowed his last. The spheres of thought and labor are countless. What to do, and when to begin, are questions determined by the predominating traits of individual mind. Burke's first work was a defense of the National religion which he loved. In siding with the American Colonies, he maintained the ancient laws and customs of the realm. From that day onward throughout life, he was a sentinel on duty. He eulogized the corrupt Bourbons of France, and spoke in terms of passionate rage against the French reformers and murderers. Hastings had ignored the laws of right and justice in distant India, Burke reminded him that in leaving his native isle, he did not leave behind the law of morality. In short, we mean to say that such was the conservative tendency of this extraordinary man, that he would sooner defend the venerated old, with the certainty of law, than fight for the new, with but a remote possibility of harm. His peculiar character in this respect cannot be better illustrated than by his own ideal of the true statesman. "A man full of warm, speculative benevolence, may wish society otherwise constituted than he finds it; but a good patriot, and a true politician, always considers how he shall make the most of the existing materials of his country. A disposition to *preserve* and an ability to *improve*, taken together, would be my standard of a statesman. Every thing else is vulgar in the conception, perilous in the execution."

Burke's reception was not successful, in the common acceptance of the term. He failed of general success, and of immediate popularity, from no want of knowledge of the proper business of the statesman. He was no driveler—no hot-house politician. No man was ever better acquainted with all the material facts with which he had to deal. No one more patient in the study of all the dry and hard learning of details.

Nor did he fail from any suspicion of his want of integrity, or of independence. He was too proud to corrupt, or be corrupted. He could not toast away the liberties of his country, or sell his honors for a bribe. His independence cost him office, friends, influence. It was the offspring of an intractable dogged will, but a will giving steadiness to the efforts of an upright patriotic man.

Nor did he fail because he outran his contemporaries in new ideas. He never advanced beyond the current opinions of his time, nor rose to any eminence, whence he could behold a reformed constitution, or an improved monarchy. He failed of general success, of immediate popularity, from the superior sway of unfavorable mental traits. He was too great among inferiors. He could not

"Teach men as if he taught them not,

And things unknown propose as things forgot."

He was not content to convince—but he must shine, dazzle, overpower. He delighted in parading an instructive lecture before parliament. This was the chief cause of his many failures, as a parliamentary orator. He was not content to interest—but he must have admiration. He therefore failed to inspire love, and excited only envy.

We have said that he was not successful, in the common acceptance of that term. His success, however, was of the rarest kind. He could enlist soldiers—but could not lead the charge to victory. He failed to convict Hastings—but no English Governor has since dared to rescind Hastings' policy. He was not a parliamentary leader against France. Yet his letters on the Regicide Peace, and his *Reflections on the French Revolution*, prepared the people for a relentless war against the French. Regarded in this light, he was a protector of the British Government without a superior or equal.

As a statesman, he lacked the constructive genius that founds empires, or remodels them, and also the talent for administration. As a conservative, he was the strongest pillar of the British Constitution. Failing of general success, from no want of knowledge, of ability, or of principle, he has attained that higher success, which is seen in molding the opinions of the people, and in instructing their rulers,—in "moving the intellects that move the world."

## PRIZE ESSAY.

*The Mission of Science.*

BY AUGUSTUS H. STRONG, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

It was a sublime conception of the French philosopher that the Universe is a thought of God. "The splendor in the grass, the glory in the flower," set forth Eternal Law, no less than the perpetual progress of the stars,—while Divine Benevolence lives in Man, the end of whose being is his Maker's praise. To fulfill intelligently this high destiny, he has been constituted the "minister and interpreter of nature," gifted with reason and a love of truth, that he may learn God from nature and from the workings of his own mind. In the first tottering steps of human progress, he learns the sequence of Effect and Cause, and the world about him unfolds its myriad mysteries and new-found knowledge gives to him the Arts. These are the first fruits of reason. Unsatisfied with Arts he seeks for law in nature, and adding by observation and experiment to the hoarded wealth of experience, he arranges and classifies their results under Empirical Laws. But he stops not even here. In the contemplation of blind, unconnected rules which dimly seem to govern the material world, the light of great principles begins to dawn upon him, and Law becomes instinct with Divine life, all comprehending, all pervading. Then, in the presence of the Infinita, he recognizes the origin and the nobility of Physical Science.

Abstract Science is the result of the same mental progression, beginning with the discovery of simple reasons and conclusions, or the truths of universal consciousness, and rising gradually to the assignment of immutable laws. Moral Science is the logical result of all others, for it derives its highest authority from revelation, and its laws are divine. Thus all Science is the interpretation of Eternal Law—the result of man's contemplation of Nature and of himself. Divine in its origin, it is a necessity of the human mind; it is the evidence of a Creator, and the perfection of Science is the knowledge of Him.

Yet Science has had bitter antagonists. The exclusiveness of power, and the prejudice that is natural to ignorance, have both denied her heavenly mission. The former disregards the great truth that from its origin, knowledge is the heritage of all, while the latter forgets the fact that investigation is the only certain assurance of truth. The natural tendency of the one is to mysticism, dogmatism, and despotism; that of



the other to ignorance, superstition, and subservience. Yet has Science pursued a calm and gladsome progress through the realm of history. Egypt concealed her in mystic shrines, and astrologers and prophets of the Nile-god kept her oracles more sacred than the secrets of the eternal pyramids, wrapping round her a veil of mystery which the children of the Pharaohs dared not lift. Yet the voice of old Egyptian Science is the only voice of truth and worth that comes to us now from the buried grandeur of templèd Karnak!

The waves of changing civilization swept to Greece the seed just germinated. The Attic air was temperate, but the soil was not deep and strong enough. The relics of eldest superstition had not yet been banished from the popular mind, and the highest truths were yet veiled in Eleusinian mystery. More than all else, the fickle temper of the Greek was ill suited to calm investigation. It had the love of inquiry without the love of truth. It revelled in the intricacies of disputation rather than in the clear sunlight of substantial fact. Yet Science did take root. The great mind of Socrates was Greek, though he drank the hemlock.

Rome added nothing to the treasures of Science. Her language, her literature, her arts, were not her own. Enriched with the spoils of conquered nations, she could not rise to

“—regions mild of calm and serene air,  
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot  
Which men call earth.”

It hardly reached to the true conception of Art, much less to the principle of Science. The decline of public morals, more than the living torrents of the north, swept away the relics of Roman greatness, and it became a problem of the future, whether amid the universal wreck the structure of civilization could rise again. Yet, in cloister and cathedral, the germs of Science preserved their innate vitality, and patient thought wrought out in secret its cloth of gold. But Ecclesiastical policy held in iron bonds the consciences and thought of men, and without the gray walls of monastic learning, the many could not and would not see the low flame that burned like a vestal fire within, casting vague shadows of the evils of the time. There were three events that heralded the dawn: the Invention of printing, the Reformation, and the publication of the *Novum Organum*,—three actors: Guttenburg, Luther, and Bacon. The one made knowledge forever free; the second presented it for the first time to the minds of the people, while the last swept away in a day all the vestiges of venerable prejudice and of old philosophy. Science at last exulted in the air of freedom.

History shows an inherent power that never failed in her darkest days—an influence increasing with the onward course of time. The twilight of Egypt brightened into the Grecian day-spring, and although clouds overspread the dawn, the morning of the fifteenth century is fast growing into the perfect day of modern times. Science liberates mind from its prison-house; its vital air is freedom. The scene of its most beneficent action must be that state of society which bases the most perfect individual equality, and the most perfect individual freedom upon reason and law. The influence of Science may be best considered by an analysis of its effects, first, upon the individual, and secondly, upon the State.

I. What, then, is the Mission of Science to man—to his physical, his mental, his moral nature?

Although the Arts are the first expression of human intellect, the discovery of Science does not obviate their necessity nor retard their progress. They are like the morning star, deriving their light from an invisible source and heralds of its rising. Nor do they pale in the full glory of the risen sun. The Arts are scattered and tangled threads of human thought, which Science alone can arrange in order and beauty, subduing and harmonizing the incongruous colors, making predominant the true one, and weaving all into the shining woof of classified development. Art is narrow in its views,—it conceals its processes,—it seeks out particular, not general ideas—like the Alchemist, it stands on the verge of great discoveries with a vision bounded by the circle of the actual, while the broad world of the possible, full of beauty and illimitable in extent, stretches away beyond. But what was narrow, Science liberalizes; what was hidden, it sets forth to the gaze of all men,—it urges on the Arts by giving them an insight into undiscovered realms. The highest Art, indeed, is impossible without the inspiration of true Science. While time is fleeting, this Art alone is long.

Thus the Arts become a medium through which Science conveys its blessings to mankind. It has, indeed, no direct influence upon man's physical existence, except through them. Natural Law is to him an abstraction until it acts in obedience to his will, and the Arts are but methods of its application, unconscious though it be, to the useful purposes of life. The direct result of this union is primarily to extend man's physical resources, and thus increase the productiveness of individual industry.

Productive industry is the mainspring of all true national greatness, and the secret of individual well-being. For the necessity of production, although an original penalty of transgression, has been made by divine

benevolence the spring of every human joy. This principle, at first a necessity of his physical existence, leads him through all his stages of progression from the invention of Arts to the discovery of Science. It is the fountain of wealth, the condition of civilization. The great problem of political economy, is how productive industry may be best protected and increased in its great departments of discovery, application, and operation. It is answered by Science in her extension of man's physical resources—for whatever adds to his physical powers or makes them more effective, adds to the results of individual effort. Science, through the inventions and the Arts, opens to man a treasure-house of wealth and power; it gifts him with the strength of a thousand giants, yet it weaves for him the gossamer web. The spirits of earth, air, and sea, wait to do his bidding with the delicacy of Ariel and the potent art of Prospero.

But besides this direct addition to his powers, Science aids him indirectly by her precepts of economy. She teaches him the value of power, and its frugal use;—he learns from her the principle of division of labor, and the innate worth of everything in nature. Industry gains effectiveness as well as power. Yet, again, increased resources exert a reflex influence upon mind, which, in turn, repays the debt with new discovery and nobler invention. Thus Science and the Arts are following each other in perpetual round, distributing and equalizing the gifts of productive industry.

The influence of Science upon man's physical condition, may be briefly stated as consisting in the substitution of intelligence for the exercise of brute force. By this standard we may estimate the progress of civilization in any age or any land. Human progress begins with the mere exercise of instinct upon the physical nature; it advances as intelligence finds out Arts, ascertains laws, and substitutes the inventive offspring of the mind for the exertion of human labor. In history we see its effects in the diminished respect paid to physical prowess, in the more complete combination of theory with practice, and in the advancing respectability of the Arts.

That all this brings with it an amelioration of man's physical condition and an increase of individual happiness, is but a deduction, whose truth we feel in daily life. The increase of rational power is ever a delight. To the poor man it gives the peaceful hours of the closing day and short times of labor. It gives him the comforts of the wealthy without their "carking cares." It enlarges and refines the pleasures of the rich, while to poor and rich alike, it gives the crown of sovereignty over all material things.

The real improvement of the physical always conduces to mental advancement. The mysterious connection of mind and body is none the less certain. The savage of the Pacific must learn the Arts of civilization before he can attain its mental or moral development. There is no view more narrow than that which considers physical enjoyment as related only to the things of sense. Yet Science exerts a nobler influence upon man. It affects that within him which is peculiar and immortal. Let us consider briefly its relations to Reason and to Faith.

The conditions of the highest development of the reason, are knowledge of the existence of laws and an honest spirit of investigation. The first is wanting in the infancy of society. It comes only when the discovery of Empirical laws intimates to man the existence of higher, though hidden principles. This knowledge leads him to wider generalization and a stricter logic. Thus broader investigation inspires a genuine love of truth and a free spirit of inquiry. It tears remorselessly from the inmost sanctuary of the soul all the delusive phantasies of prejudice and superstition. It is an alembic whence evaporate unworthy and untruthful ideas. Physical Science applies the fire of past discovery—Abstract Science gives vigor and analytic power. The chains of impulse fall away and reason acquires a confidence in its own powers and the sure hope of progress. Nor is this all. Science gifts it with the faculty of speculation—it not only reasons from effect to cause, but it boldly assigns causes and traces apparent effects. Theory is reduced to the certainty of law, and law is seen everywhere in the minutest processes of nature or of mind.

Of no small importance must be considered that intellectual pleasure which arises from the contemplation of the sublime and the infinite, from the ennobling inspiration of nature's teachings, from the just conception of universal law. From this fount have drunk the wise and truly great of all the ages,—from this fount, he that will drink shall taste that

“—pure ethereal stream  
Whose fountain who shall tell!”

As physical culture conduces to mental development, so does the improvement of the individual mind tend to awaken the moral powers. True philosophy cannot rest content with the comprehension of universal law. It sees here only the image of an archetype, the effect of a great, first cause; it sees His attributes in the creation of nature and of mind, and in proportion to the vastness of its researches does it attain a proper conception of a Creator and of its relations to him.

The connection of Science with religion, imparts a grace and dignity

to both. To Science it gives divine sanction; to religion a conception of a future state and the just interpretation of revelation. All truth indeed is kin, and the day is past when apparent discrepancy is thought the subversion of either. They, who, in the rock-ribbed earth are seeking a refutation of the word of God, will seek in vain. Great minds have sometimes bowed to prejudice and superstition, even when in the dim distances of Astronomic vision they fancied they heard the music of the spheres. But to the calm and truthful spirit, they are

"Forever singing as they shine,

"The hand that made us is divine."

II. The influence of Science upon the physical condition and the mental and moral faculties of the individual, is but amplified in the aggregation of the state. If there be truth in the republican maxim, that the state exists primarily in and through the individual, and that his intelligence and morality is the surest pledge of its progress and perpetuity, Science surely is one of its great divinities. She watches over its well-being as from the Acropolis, the azure-eyed goddess guarded the marts of Athens and the far *Ægean*. It equalizes, enlightens, harmonizes. It diffuses a respect for law, and preserves that just observance of social and moral relations, without which the state cannot exist.

The influence of Science on national progress and prosperity, may be considered as resulting mainly from the reduction of all things to principles. History has left its accumulated experience to us, and a divine revelation teaches us to draw from it its proper lessons. Reason arranges its results and derives therefrom the great principles of moral and political Science. As in all other channels of human investigation, there have been those whose deductions have proved but the dreamy, illogical phantasies of the brain, so there have been those who have ruled states by arbitrary power, disregarding what the past offered of sound philosophy. But the voice of the Historic muse, echoing through the solemn aisles of time, tells each, that for states as well as individuals, there are laws higher than human passion or caprice, and that to them are annexed inevitable penalties. To the scientific arrangement and diffusion of these principles, modern times owe all their advances in national justice and international comity.

The effect of this universal reduction of things and relations to fixed principles, may be seen in the increase and due distribution of property, effected mainly through the discovery of the laws of production and their application to the useful Arts. While knowledge increases the wants of society, it provides also the means of supplying them. While

it adds to the amount of necessary labor, it furnishes inducements to the laborer. It not only augments the number of those engaged in useful industry, but it makes skillful and mighty each individual arm. It gives scope to every talent,—it presents the incitements of competition,—it requires, above all things, intelligence. The increase and equalization of property is its legitimate result.

But a grander influence is exerted in the increase and diffusion of knowledge. As intelligence is necessary to individual advancement, so is it the surest pillar of the state. Science in its explorations of the unknown is adding ceaselessly to the acquisitions of the past. The progress of human knowledge is conditioned on human effort, and the success of effort on the efficiency of means. It therefore becomes a matter of vital importance to the state that the sum of experimental facts and the number of individual observers be increased. Upon this proposition has been based the aid of all enlightened governments to the prosecution of Science. But while they have added to the sum of human knowledge and riveted the bands of intelligence and morality which hold together the diverse elements of the state, they have been subserving their own national well-being. They have found Astronomy and Hydrostatics the basis of naval strength; they have made all the natural forces subservient to national progress, opening the ports of Chinese seas and circling the pole with the smoke of steamships. Than this there is no truer national greatness.

From the increase and equalization of property and the advance of national intelligence, arises the establishment and maintenance of just, social, and moral relations, and their reduction to fixed principles. The Science and Arts of the Orient, brought by the enraptured Crusaders in ships of Venice to the unlettered Franks, were not only the primary cause of the establishment of free cities and the overthrow of feudal tyranny, but it made freemen of serfs, and led to the authority of just and equal laws. And modern philosophy, systematizing the teachings of innate consciousness, ascertaining the relations of various action to Society and to God, has made a Science of Morals, Politics, and Law.

Nor are the relations of nation to nation beyond its scope. Science has applied principles to the settlement of international disputes and diplomacy in its best sense owes to it its being. It has perfected the Arts of war, until war is disastrous to the victor. It has extended the intricacy of commercial relations, until national contests are opposed to agricultural, inventive, mechanical interests. More than all else, it has raised up a moral sentiment and a Christian benevolence which will one day make war impossible.

Such is the legitimate influence of Science directly and proximately in every state of society. Her heavenly light shone not in elder days, because the antagonistic elements of mind had not yet yielded to her might. Because the march of ideas has swept them away forever, her progress in this new world of her discovery is assured. Here are all the conditions of unprecedented development. Wealth and civilization diffuse the taste and the opportunity. Institutions for its advancement such as old philosophers never dreamed of, the preservation of accurate data, and the perfection of observation and the mechanic Arts, all assist her. The wondrous discoveries of modern times are her possession forever. Yet we have a surer trust in that scientific ardor which shall make all that is past but a dream of that which is to be.

The spirit of true Science is cosmopolitan. It recognizes the beauty of the minute as well as of the grand. It sees no limit to investigation, save the infinite, and no term but in death. In the crashing of Arctic ice, or in the damp of the dungeon, it can prove itself a martyr for its faith!

Welcome, then, O Science! to thy watch and ward over the western world, the new-born child of time! Warm in the sunlight of thy presence its seeds of truth and freedom now full to bursting! Give to it as thy baptismal gift, those

“——Truths that wake  
To perish—never!  
Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavor,  
Nor man, nor boy,  
Nor all that is at enmity with joy  
Can utterly abolish or destroy!”

### ODE.

HELARA puella,  
Facilis,  
Venustatis sella  
Insedis,  
Roseidisque mella  
Liliis  
Coronata, cella  
Te satias,  
Inoptata vella.

O puella cara,  
Gracilis,  
Pallore praeclara,  
Marmoris  
Pura statuæque gnara,  
Ac cordis  
Plena semper; rara  
In terris!  
O praeclara cara S. . . !

H.

### The Skating Fairy.

Itt was evin, and the cauldlie slantynge sunset glimmert lowe  
On the towers o' Castil Clymar, silver'd wi' December's snowe,  
And a million frostle brilllyantes sparkilt on itt's leaflesse vynes,  
And the winter-wynd went sobbin' thro' itt's paradyse o' pines;  
Butte more beauteous than the sunset, and more spotlesse than the snowe,  
Gazin' from the turrit-windowe sate the bonnie younge Jeanot,  
Gazin' from the turrit-windowe tow'rd the laike of Unnoch-Veau.

In the centre of a deep forest, not far from the old Caledonian Border, away from the winds, and out of sight of the careless traveler, lay a charming little lake, like a naiad in the arms of Silvanus.

Its surface was always composed, so that as often as winter came and the frost crept over it, the beautiful water stiffened without a ripple, and hardened like a sheet of steel. As might be supposed, this afforded an irresistible temptation to skaters, and on many a day of the long winters the lads and young men would come alone or together from the thinly-peopled neighborhood around, and ply their exciting pastime till the going down of the sun. Among them a handsome student named Winnifred was sometimes seen to visit the lake, and a merry time he always had of it, too, whether by himself or with a gang. None of all the strip-lings who skated Unnoch-Veau could lead a swifter race or sing a jollier song than he.

At a distance of some half-a-dozen furlongs from this lake stood an old castle, which superstition had invested with a great many ghostly terrors. An ancient and mysterious baron lived in it with his only daughter Jeanot, over whom he was said to exercise the most tyrannical surveillance.

One evening, according to the old ballad quoted above, as Winnifred was returning from the lake with his "skaitynge geare" in his hand and a "merrie ballad" in his mouth, Jeanot threw open the casement of her chamber and signaled to him to come up to the castle-wall.

Filled with pleasant wonder at the sight of so fair a lady in so dreaded a place, he was scarcely conscious of what he did as he mechanically obeyed her summons, and stood still beneath her window.

In a low tone the strange maiden then told him why she called him; gave him the short and bitter story of her life beneath the tyranny of her father; and ended by promising to meet the young student that night, while the old baron slept, and skate the lake of Unnoch-Veau with



him by moonlight. A wooden cross was their trysting-place, by a spring at the meeting of three ways, where friars often stopped to refresh themselves; and at the appointed time Winnifred repaired to the spot, and found his dark-eyed adventuress there. She wore a cloak of ermine, and carried in her hand a pair of tiny skates, with blades of beautifully-graven sword-steel, jeweled thongs, and a fairy bell tinkling within the toe-coil of each runner.

The moon was high in the east, over the parapets of Clymar Castle. Jeanot turned her back upon it, and bade the student come away. They had no sooner reached their place of destination than

\*       \*       Sprightlie spak the maydenne free.

' Take these skaits, gode Winnifrid, and deftlie binde them on for me.'  
 And he bounde them faste and featlie all arounde her pretty feete;  
 And she doft her dappilt ermine, with an artlesse smyle and sweete,  
 And she stode in tartan tunick, tartan trouse, and furre chapeau,  
 Castil Clymar's skaiting færy, on the laike of Unnoch-Veau.

Then she waited until Winnifrid had equipped himself, and waving her scarf at him in defiance, bade him kiss her when he caught her.

Nothing loth to run for so rare a boon, Winnifrid darted forward to seize the eccentric beauty in his arms, but she was already far out of his reach and scudding over the ice like a young Camilla.

Farre across that icy wood-laike rang her flyin' flashin' steale,  
 And the shoares laughed backe the merrie echoes of his followinge heele:  
 And forever straunglie chyming thro' the rockes and neighboring delles,  
 Nearer, yonder, fuller, faynter strook the maydenne's sandalle-belles.

For half an hour the excited student chased her, and as often as he approached to capture his prize, she would elude his grasp and shy away from him as if she had been a shadow. At length he cornered her in a secluded cove, and thought himself sure of her. She smiled, beckoned him with her hand, threw kisses at him, and used all sorts of sweet, provoking arts to allure him on, but still kept out of his way. The ice grew thin and creaked beneath his feet, but he would not heed it. Closer and closer he pressed his pursuit. There was no way of escape for his beautiful quarry, and he would soon possess her. He was mistaken. Just as he was about to spring upon her with open arms, she started suddenly aside towards a breathing-hole that parted the thin ice near the shore for six yards, and cleared the space at a single bound! The confounded student gazed in speechless surprise after his fair little frustrater, but he dared not follow her.

\* \* Gallante tho' he was and bauld,  
And he paused awhyle to watch her thro' the moonlyte clare and cauld,  
And he saw her waive her kerchief, and he sawe the gage she threwe,  
And he hearde her skaite-bells jingle farre and farther whare she flew.

And the merry laugh that she sent ringing through the air at his perplexity soon converted his surprise into chagrin. Turning towards the center of the lake again, he picked up the glove which Jeanot had flung away, and renewed the chase. Hour after hour pursuing, preventing, crossing and cornering, Winnifrid followed after that incomprehensible girl; and hour after hour, retreating, doubling, circling and eluding, she kept him on the lake till after midnight, when he gave over the struggle, from fatigue and vexation. Her laugh rang gaily as she came and sat down by his side, and bade him, in a sportive manner, to loosen her skates. The young student stooped and undid the marvelous playthings, and held them before his eyes with as much wondering curiosity as if they had been the winged sandals of Hermes. Jeanot uttered and looked her thanks, and they both took their way towards the wooden cross. Arrived at this trysting-place, the maiden appointed another meeting there with Winnifrid on the following night, and disappeared; leaving the romantic boy completely bewildered and bewitched.

He came the next night, and the Skating Fairy of Clymar Castle led him another wearisome and fruitless chase of three hours over Loch-Unnoch-Veau. The next night and the next he met the mysterious maid again, and each time she grew more bewitching, and each time he came nearer winning the promised kiss. As his admiration of Jeanot increased, he grew reconciled to his ill-success and fascinated to the moonlight sport. He could give no reasons, yet he loved it, wearying as it was. There are always reasons enough in such cases, and obvious ones, too; but what young man, under a spell like Winnifrid's, was ever able to give them?

The old ballad hints at a few of them with great simplicity—

\* \* For he likit passinge well,  
To pursue thatte witchynge maydenne wi' the tinklin' pedall bell;  
And to heare her happy laughter and her wildye-warbl'd songe,  
And to gaze upon her wyneome shape, and tye her sandall thonge.

On the fifth night the youthful skaters were uncommonly nimble, and nearly matched. In their reckless career they swept into that perilous cove again, and again Winnifrid penned up his lovely prey. She made an attempt to break away as before, but the impetuous student was determined this time to secure her. As she sprang to cross the vent in the

ice, he darted after her, clasped her tightly in his arms, and they sank unshriven to a watery tomb.

And full many a followin' wynter wad the wond'rynge peassantes goe  
Thro' the forest thatte obscurelie circleth, in Loch-Unnoch-Veau;  
And when wynde and streame grewe sylente on the mountayne and the  
wolde,

And the laike and castille sleepit mantl'd alle inne moonye golde,  
Ofte they'd vow they hearde the distante dreamie musyck glance alonge  
Of a maydenne's happy laughter and her wyldlie-warbl'd songe  
Wi' the faynte and farie echo ling'rynge inne the neighb'rynge dellies  
Of a skaiter's ringyng iron and those magick sandall bells,  
And a rushyng as of racers seemed toe trace them, toe and froe,  
O'er the laike, like spryghties speedyng, Winnifrid and loste Jeanot.

"And full many a followin' wynter chatterynge eld and wither'd crone  
Wad bee listyng wythe fonde horroure toward the woodland alle alone,  
Frequent as the cauldrie-slantyng sunset glymmer glinted lowe  
On the tow'rs o' Castil Clymar, silver'd wi' December's snowe,  
And the frostye gems inne myllions sparkilt on ittes leafleese vynes,  
And the wynter-wynde went sobbyn' thro' ittes paradysae of pynes,  
Mutt'ryng ofte this mournfull story, and wi' glarin' eye-balls saye,  
Still they hearde him atte the gloamin' faryng uppe the woodlande waye  
Winnifrid aneathe the castil, trollyng oute his wonted laye,  
And from oute that turrit-wyndowe, callin' tenderlie and lowe,  
Castil Claymar's Skaityng Færie, beautifulle butte loste Jeanot.

## An Address to the Ague.

DEDICATED TO THOSE WHO HAVE HAD IT.

AVAUNT, blood-thirsty vampyre! go suck the grave-yard stone:  
Begone thou western tyrant from thy four legged throne,  
Nor dare insult republicans with such an institution—  
An intermittent insult to every constitution.  
How oft thy hand hath shaken me at dewy eve and morn,  
As in the griddles iron grip ascends the parching corn;  
Oh! dislocate my bones no more upon thine icy rack,  
Nor send Siberian shiverings to gallop down my back,  
Nor force my teeth when bright May morns are garlanded by Flora,  
To chatter all the tunes of wo arranged à la Pandora.

Ye shades of shaking Harry Gill, I sympathize with you;  
What time, the barley rick behind, old Goodey met thy view,

And threw aloft her bony hands like Ague incarnated,  
 And prayed for some peculiar chills as Wordsworth has related,  
 And then they piled the blankets on like mountains great or greater,  
 Which only made her colder grow like some refrigerator,  
 Till Hope committed suicide oppressed to suffocation,  
 And groaning life refused to bear the ponderous gravitation.

In vain do modern Gills essay at some prophetic twitching,  
 To form a blanket shield against that dart so numb and witching;  
 As cold as if it were the one that Death took from his quiver  
 And shook when o'er the lazar-beds he had that dreadful shiver.  
 Soon as they feel the freezing stroke, lo! they are shuddering, shaking,  
 Dumb-founded, jerking, jostling, convulsing, quivering, quaking,  
 Till every faculty and limb are shivering in sedition,  
 And the cadaverous wretch besseems St. Vitus apparition.

Thou blue and bony cannibal, go dine with Death at home,  
 But never near my bed or board forever dare to come  
 And take thy cholagogues, and galls, and quinine by the puncheon;  
 Oh, take thy hops and horrors all for seasoning to thy luncheon,  
 And if I can but scare thee with this tintinnabulum,  
 As Cossacks scare the locust plagues with sound of kettle drum,  
 I'll bless the time I made this rhyme in anti-billious blues to come.

### A Letter from the West Indies.

*πολυλοιοβοιο γυλαρρη. — Homer.*

*Anything. — Shakespeare.*

DEAR OLD MAGA:—When you have been ill a goodly portion of your college life, and your physician at last urges a voyage at sea, as the only probable alternative to a ferriage across the Styx, you decide without hesitation in favor of the former; and resolve to accomplish a long delayed purpose of a journey to the tropics; (and how should you go but in one of the many admirable vessels of those most generous and gentlemanly men, the Messrs. Trowbridge?) Immediately you begin to take an interest in the "Shipping Intelligence," with especial reference to the column of "diasters;" and experience a grim satisfaction in thinking how anxiously your friends will peruse that same column when you are gone. Finally your preparations are complete, and you run the gauntlet of farewells, with more expedition than courage: avoiding

such as you can, because of their tragic and overpowering influence, first excited by the admiration—long since passed away—which you once felt for that final adieu in the “Fire Worshipers:”

“He pressed her hand—that lingering press  
Of hands which for the last time sever;  
Of hearts whose pulse of happiness,  
When that hold breaks, is dead for ever.”

From the moment of setting sail, you have resolved to conform yourself, as far as possible, to the manners of seafaring life, and therefore don the wide trowsers, the pea-coat, the slouched hat, with which you had provided yourself, with the two-fold view of securing your own comfort, and of establishing yourself on a common footing and sympathy with the sailors, of whom you purpose to acquire all possible information concerning nautical affairs. You forthwith begin a promenade on the “quarter” with the captain, (a whole-souled, happy man, whom to your utter amazement you would sometimes discover in violent and apparently disastrous cachinations at a joke or pun he had perpetrated a week before, and which, if you were to die the death of a traitor, you could not now recall,) in order to get your sea-legs on. You are succeeding well; and off Montauk, the outermost and latest point of your native land which your eye shall see, you begin to quote that splendid “adieu” of Childe Harold, when suddenly the swell of the Atlantic, deep, and strong, and solemn, strikes you. In whatever sentiment you might be disposed at this moment to indulge—and the occasion is replete with it, considering the associations which hallow the ocean, the distance to which you are traveling, and the by no means remote possibility of your returning no more—it all vanishes in an instant, as you recover yourself by the shrouds, and stand amazed at the insufficiency of your navigation. From this hour you are an altered man: but the process of this new experience, how it steals upon you, like a “gossamer line of cloud sighing itself through the air;” how it deepens, from a light dizziness, to a perfect midnight of awful and sullen nausea; how the captain says you begin to look like a whitened sepulchre, and you feel as though already full of dead men’s bones! To describe all this I shall make no attempt: the immortal “Yellow plush” has left nothing to be accomplished in this regard, until some new idiosyncrasy, some nympholepsy, *sui generis*, shall manifest itself in the physical constitution, or the minds of men.

In the morning you awake a little improved in your condition, but are immediately saluted by the “ship-smell,”—a vile commingling of

tar from the ropes; noxious odors from the hold, and doubtful exhalations from an ancient mattress beneath you,—and immediately you bury your head in a friendly quilt you brought from college; not because you think it cleaner than other things about you,—unfortunately you know it cannot be,—but then *its* peculiarities, whatever they may be, are all familiar to you, and everything else is strange. At length, regaining courage, you venture to dress; and of a sudden, with a boot in either hand, are pitched through your state-room door, and under the table, to the great confusion of a chest of crackers, and finally you bring up, in a very “shipwrecked condition,” under the legs of a modest and retiring chair. In a little time, however, no matter how desperate may have been your case, your equanimity of body and mind is restored, and you begin in earnest the pleasures of ocean life.

It may be, at times, you hunger for more dainties than your table affords: but you recall how Wordsworth wrote of “plain living and high thinking,” and are content. To-night, perhaps, you long for some of the old familiar faces, but then recurs the consciousness of your far separation from the interests which in their presence distracted you, and you feel that for a time, at least, it is better to be where you have “no fears to beat away, no strife to heal.” You dreaded the monotony of a long voyage at sea, but find relief in an unexpected quarter; in the unusual contraction of your immediate sympathies, which, by necessary consequences, act with unusual power, revealing features of interest, in cases which you had thought altogether indifferent or repulsive to you. It is thus, because you take a personal interest in the narrators, that you come to regard the tales of the fore-castle, the most delightful in the world; besides, there are *new* objects of interest constantly arising. Now a distant sail will excite the liveliest emotions, exhilarating or depressing you, as she nears or departs from your course; or the fragment of a wreck arouse all those speculations, of which Irving has so truthfully written. Now a wearied bird will settle on the mast, and gladden you by a song; or an angry dolphin strike the treacherous bait, and make you forget his agony by the shadows of rainbow coloring in which he shrouds his struggle of death. Now a whale disports himself in uncouth gambols by the vessel’s side; or rages in impotent fury, from the torture of the subtle “killer.”

Independent of these, there are two unfailing sources of pleasure. In the clouds of the tropics, whatever one may have found to admire in those of other climes, there is a world of new and dazzling glories constantly opening to the eye. Their superior beauty is, I think, owing to

a threefold cause: the constantly recurring and sudden alterations of the wind, which give them greater variety of form, and shift their changing phases more rapidly than in colder regions; the greater amount of vaporous exhalation, which makes them denser, and more susceptible of coloring; and lastly, the sunlight, deep and rich beyond what the inexperienced thought can express, throbbing, as with a palpable, independent, luxuriant life, which gives them that fulness of tone, delicate penciling of light and shade, of which one only can say, they wrung from Titian his immortal "Disperanza." The ocean itself, the second source, though often affording beautiful or terrible displays, appeals not so much to the sense of sight as sound. It was a beautiful thought, often reiterated, but by whom originated I know not, which made the sea the "everlasting bass in nature's anthem;" or rather, it was such a fragment of a thought; for the attentive ear will discover in it not one only, but every possible pitch of sound: not the composite fraction of, but a complex and perfect harmony. More than beautiful, blessed thought! And, to us, to whom devotion is so soon a weariness and sorrow, full of warning, and exhortation, and promise, that this blaze of contending cadences, this thunder-roll of riotous melodies is one eternal peace, one "*gloria patri*," one volume of thanksgiving ascending for ever and ever, and linking every past into every succeeding age by an identity of grateful song.

If you are philosophic, from the first you devote a few hours of each morning to rigorous study: because, to say nothing of its direct profit, it renders the intellect appreciative of, and by contrast stimulates the pleasure derived from your lighter reading; and because it preserves you, for the hours you would give to contemplation, from a troubled conscience, and the unnatural irritation of an unoccupied mind. Under such an arrangement, you read the "Tempest," off Bermudas, at moonlight; and throughout the passage you devote such time as this division affords to a careful *contemporaneous* reading of Thackeray and Dickens, those indispensable conditions to a sea voyage; indispensable, first, because you would not lumber with the *slush* of modern literature, nor, indeed, here or anywhere, even with second-rate productions; and secondly, because if you attempt Fielding, or the earlier novelists, you separate yourself by many, many degrees from all the interests and characteristics of this age, in which, now that you are effectively removed from any display of them, you feel an absorbing, irritating, uncontrollable concern.

You adjudicate, as has become necessary for all men to do, between

the rival claims of these authors, making a decision unhesitatingly in favor of the former. No doubt you find many things in the prevailing tone of his sentiment to regret; for though there is, in nearly all his works, a candid confession of selfishness as the idea to be wrought out, yet there is too much parade of it, almost pride in it: too much satisfaction in, at least resignation to, the state of things "as we find them." There should undoubtedly be more frequent glimpses into the infinite possibilities of human goodness; more revelations of sacred and efficient virtue; more encouragement to its humble and faithful exercise. Few works are altogether cold and gloomy: they must have many a ray of sunshine lighting through the land, and warming the frozen turf here and there, or we write black marks against them. You sometimes doubt whether he is capable of the highest art, that which grounds us upon noblest, endearing purposes, and arms us against evil, by revealing through character the very heroism of *possible* virtue, and the high tragedy of suffering and of sin. We tend irresistibly to folly, especially to fashionable folly, unless its fearful *morale* be plainly exhibited in conjunction with it; and since a book is of necessity a teacher, if it speak slightly or toleratingly, if it do not speak reprehendingly of evil simply "because it exists," it no longer ministers to holiness. It is true the pages of Dickens do not reveal those self-same faults, but faults of a still worse tendency: faults which beget in the reader's mind a feeling of insecurity, of suspicion that he is to be entrapped into an emotion under a false pretense. He is unquestionably a great painter: he is both Raphael and Hogarth; but there is this trick in all his art, that he copies from the Sistine Chapel and from Punch, and writes underneath men or women, as the case may be. Before these creations of genius we fall down in excess of emotion, but when its fervor is passed away, we rise in the painful consciousness that our sympathies have been exhausted by idolatries and caricatures. Thus it falls out, that when challenged by the humbler features of human nature, they no longer answer to the call. They have been debauched, and natural stimulants will move them no more. But, despite his faults, Thackeray's emotions,—and I must close this *episode* with a word,—are always genuine, his characters truthful, and in his literary execution, as in almost everything else, he is the prince of modern novelists.

At last, on the morning of the eighteenth day out, you are aroused by the shrill cry of "land ho!" and there it lies, away to the southwest, to your inexperienced eye only a low line of cloud. In a few hours, as you approach it, you discover that the Island, (Barbadoes,) which is



only moderately elevated, rising in any single point no more than eleven hundred feet, is completely studded with enormous wind-mills,—connected with the sugar-houses—which give it a frightened look, as though forever on the “*qui vive*” for Filibusters. But you think, as you scan the terrible breakers, (upon which many a *poor* ship has gone to pieces, some for insurance, some, let us hope, because they could not help it,) which foam and thunder on the northern and eastern coasts, that they are a better defense than tower or mortar. As you lie at anchor, the trees, the fruits, the low square-roofed houses, all remind you that this is a foreign land. Passing up the Earanage in your boat you are absolutely alarmed at the swarm upon swarm of negroes, their hideous outeries, and their unaccountable actions. They are outrageously impudent, it is true, eternally advancing their freedom as an excuse for all sorts of outlawry; but your fear passes away in a day or two. You find Bridgetown, the capital, a composition of narrow streets, with no sidewalks, forever hurrying into each other at the most astonishing angles; and of ill-favored houses which have been gradually falling down since somewhere about A. D. 1500. Among a great many conveniences which you will *not* find there, you will, to your great delight, find a restaurant, called the “Ice Establishment,” under the proprietorship of a Bostonian, whose accommodations are very nearly equal to any in the States. As you ride about the island, you will be perpetually amazed at the denseness of the population, which exceeds that of any other equal area of *country* in the known world. If your horse makes an unlucky turn at any point in the road, no matter where, you are sure to run over three men and a boy, to say nothing of huts, and other hanimals, (English Island,) But you will be compelled to confess, especially if you pass over them by moonlight, that the roads are absolutely incomparable. They are made of a pounded white stone, laid on little by little for many years back, so that under the influence of rain and sun, they are become hard and polished, and gleam in the night like lines of silver. You remark that the houses have no carpets, nor the windows any glass; nor, indeed, any provision against the cold, save an exterior blind, (the upper half of which opens vertically, the lower portions laterally,) but you learn that this most delightful climate only ranges between 72° and 80°, and think, with a shudder, of the tremendous snow-storm you left raging in the States. Of an evening you make a visit to a “boiling house,” in which the roaring fires, the seething cauldrons of syrup, and their exhalations, the bright eyes, and sweet singing of the negroes, together form a pleasing incident. Without a

doubt, you are invited into his mansion by the hospitable planter, and while you are engaged in animated conversation on the abolition of slavery,—(it is a fact for our serious consideration, that the emancipation of 1834 was attended with no difficulties, and that the planters, almost to a man, avow a hearty preference for the existing state of things; and an unanswerable argument against those who affirm the abolition to have greatly impoverished the Islands, that their products and trade are constantly increasing. But these are sufficient matter for another article.)—you hear a scream from the lady of the house, and rush to the spot, where, upon the very threshold of the open bed-room door, amid the children's noisy, but no doubt fervent "thanks to God!" "thanks to God!" the planter succeeds in killing an enormous centipede. This very agreeable little episode, by immediately transforming each separate boat-strap into a centipede of more than ordinary dimensions, at which, ever and anon you clutch with serene countenance, but palpitating heart, serves very effectually to heighten the interest of the evening. Before you go, you are invited to make your choice between "Whistle Jack," "Tom o' the tub," "Boiling house bub," etc., all compounds of some sort of liquor, with hot syrup, eggs, &c. Now, *Maga*, you and I are strictly, devoutly "temperance;" but if ever, and whenever "boiling-house bub" shall be set before us, let us ask no questions for conscience' sake, and, in short, drink; the laws of hospitality—and the fact of its being the best concoction in all this world—*sotto voce*, *Maga*,—demand the sacrifice. But your limits are nearly exhausted, and I must omit many things I had wished to record of this Island, in which, on the whole, your stay will be delightful: especially so, if you are fortunate enough to experience the attentions of any one, who is able and willing to point out its beauties to you; so fortunate was I; and the recollections I entertain of the home and hospitalities of Winston J. Trowbridge, Esq., are among the most delightful of my life hitherto.

Of the residence of this gentleman, it is scarcely praise disproportioned to its merits, to say it is the perfection of situation commanding the perfection of landscape. A sharp turn and a circling road bring you up the considerable elevation on which it stands. Passing round a center-bed of flowers, you find yourself underneath one of those wide tessellated porches—extending on three sides—which were originated in Switzerland, for the purpose of commanding the whole of scenery, any part of which was too precious to be lost. To the east, from it you look away upon the gleaming hills which skirt the valley of St. George; toward

the north, the city, the splendid residences of the Governor and Lord Bishop, and the barracks are in range ; while away to the west, beyond deep undulations in the land, and down a vast green concave, lie the open ocean, and the tropical sunsets ! Near at hand, the tasty out-houses ; the old well, down which the stone goes deeper than the sound comes back ; the quaint little nook, with the jar of porous stone, through which the water filters ; the sloping banks, with their deep shade of orange, lime, and evergreen, and bamboo ; all these are held in eternal reversion of memory. The internal arrangements are, of course, sacred from the pen ; but if you should be so fortunate as to learn them, it will be by an experience which will most deeply obligate you to one, whose rare beauty and accomplishments are still grateful themes to many a circle in the City of Elma. But in taking leave, how shall I speak of her,

“ — who fill'd the air  
With gladness and involuntary songs ! ”

Little Mary ; dear little “ Ben,” whose puzzles set me utterly distracted and whose smile charmed me into reason,—

“ Loving she is, and tractable, though wild ;  
And Innocence hath privilege in her  
To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes ;  
And feats of cunning ; —.”

But in a few years I shall have passed from her remembrance ; and that day, though every heart shall

“ Devote a wreath to her,  
That day, (for come it will,) that day,  
I shall lament to see.”

But in this delightful place, eminent among others, not more for its surpassing beauty than the graces which preside over it, I may not linger. Farewell, Maga, and now Ho ! for Trinidad. R.

### The Ceremony of Social Intercourse.

THE feeling of unrestraint is essential to social enjoyment. It is the fittest condition of mind for a free and favorable utterance of our feelings. Naturally actuated by the desire of pleasing and free from any restraining influence, our native and common sentiments spontaneously appear; moreover the mind, although not thoroughly aroused, is finely animated and enlivened, while the feelings and passion thus set at liberty are usually tempered with cheerfulness. Hence in this state they are flowing and easy, and the expressions of them clothed with that simplicity and unconcern so necessary to agreeable intercourse. Indeed this is a truth of wide application. It holds alike in the physical and social world, and our feelings can no more flow with ease and fullness when confined by unnecessary and unaccustomed rules, than the body can appear with grace and proportion, when encumbered with its apparel. Nor is this all: whatever can so assuage and equalize the feelings of its subject, has a strong influence upon those of others. Freedom has always a charm, unconcern is essential in pleasing; and that imperturbable coolness—a calm serenity of disposition—is one of the rarest attainments in social life.

Yet this condition is not one of absolute unrestraint—it is limited by certain others. Indeed, from the nature of things it could not be otherwise. Fortunately, however, those that are necessary here coincide with our own inclinations, and in nowise diminish our natural and salutary liberties. A careful observance of the feelings of others recommends itself to all, for it is condition of mutual enjoyment. Unwarrantable familiarity is always felt, and at the point where it begins esteem and friendship date their decay. Our native good-breeding, of which no one is entirely destitute, readily points out their line of demarcation, a due degree of ceremony preserves it, and social attainment is seen in the eye that is quick to detect it, and the sensibility susceptible of its smallest infringement.

Thus, the condition of mind best adapted to the highest social pleasure, is not one of high-wrought feeling and passion, when the intellect is in a glow of excitement, and the reason and understanding are thoroughly aroused; but when they are barely awakened, sufficiently so to give moderation to the waywardness of the lesser faculties, and to temper all with modesty and decorum. It is, as it were, the night time of life, when the active and working powers are at rest, and the noisy and tur-

bulent faculties have been quieted—when those of a shy and more unobtrusive nature venture out to indulge in simpler sports and to play in open fields.

To preserve this condition is the purpose and boast of ceremony, and thus in our social natures it claims to derive its origin. It consists in those outward forms of civility which have grown out of social intercourse itself, and are known to elevate its character. Its use is to quicken and foster the more sensitive and kindly feelings, and to preserve inviolate those delicate chords and tendrils of sympathy which are ever reaching out from our social natures to entwine themselves in the sympathy of others.

It thus operates in two ways; by sheltering the feelings of others from any rudeness or wound, it gives frankness and interest to their manners, and makes them more agreeable companions, and by receiving them with attention and care, it makes them stronger and more enduring friends. Again, by habituating our own thoughts and actions to their appropriate expressions, the liability to fall into trifling and vulgarity is removed, and that stateliness and self-possession necessary to a high and well defined character is preserved.

Seldom does it happen that pure and uninterrupted friendship exists between those who are continually bantering with each other's faults, and laughing at each other's blunders. Not that there is anything intrinsically vicious in this practice, but in these mutual rallyingings it is a chance if some violence is not done to the feelings, or some accidental hit given to the pride. Nothing is considered of greater importance, or more rigorously maintained than the feeling of honor and the good opinion of our fellows; and as the reflections contained in these careless sallies—their patronizing tone—are instantly thought to lower us in their estimation, no one can long fully enjoy the society of those who are constantly indulging in them. Hence it is, that wits and punsters, although often envied and admired at a distance, are usually feared and avoided. It is only by a nice use of judgment, accompanied with an unquestionable motive and a fund of good humor, that these strokes of wit and pleasantry, however agreeable to others, are ever entirely relished or forgiven by ourselves.

But while this is true of ceremony in the intercourse of individuals and friends, especially is it so in mixed companies. It here becomes an enlarged and liberal principle, and harmonizes all within the reach of its influence. The great man divested of his gown and the ways of the closet, is refreshed by the buoyancy and playfulness of the social circle, while at the

same time he is unembarrassed by too great familiarity, and is not loaded with incessant attention. So he who, feeling his own inferiority expects no enjoyment in his society, is surprised and delighted to find him apparently leveled to his own capacities, that he is thinking his own thoughts and participating in his own pleasures.

It is ceremony alone, when mutually and reciprocally maintained, that can give that assurance and complacency to every individual of a company, by which he insensibly mingles in and becomes a part, and by which the evenness and symmetry of an entertainment is preserved.

Very different from this, although often confounded with it, is its counterfeit—etiquette. As its derivation signifies, it consists in a set of forms and artificial contrivances, entirely disconnected and foreign to our social make, and in nowise necessary to substantial enjoyment. While the former is grounded in our social natures, and springs from a principle of humanity, the latter is the spurious offspring of a morbid and proscriptive aristocracy.

Addison somewhere contrasts the style of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, with the epigrams of Martial or the poems of Cowley, and says, "that nothing shows the inherent simplicity of the one above that of the other, than that the first pleases all kinds of palates, while the latter only such as have formed a wrong artificial taste upon little fanciful authors." Precisely the same difference exists between ceremony and etiquette. An outward appearance of good nature and cheerfulness, united with a due degree of attention and gentlemanly difference for the feelings of others, charms the man of plain common sense equally with the one of cultivation and refinement. Whereas, the arbitrary rules, the tickets, cards, and frippery of etiquette, irksome to every plain man, are only kept up in artificial life, and only relished by an affected and artificial taste.

Very analogous to the difference between ceremony and etiquette is the difference between natural and artificial music. The natural harmony of a nation, says Addison, "the songs and ballads handed down from father to son, which are the delight of the common people, cannot fail to please every ear that is not unqualified for the entertainment by affectation or ignorance. The old song of Chevy-chase is the favorite ballad of the common people of England, and Ben Jonson used to say he had rather have been the author of it than of all his works. And the reason is plain, because the same paintings of nature which recommend them to the ordinary reader, will appear beautiful to the most refined." What is true of music, architecture and painting, as well

as of poetry and oratory, applies equally to ceremony and etiquette. "They are to derive their laws and rules from the general sense and taste of mankind, and not from the principles of these arts themselves."

Hence it is that ceremony, as it derives its origin in our social natures, is observed more or less by all classes and conditions of men, while etiquette, originating in a few aristocratic families, is confined to their immediate precincts, where it is formed and matured.

Something further may be learned of the nature and use of ceremony, by considering it in its various applications to the different states of society; but more effectually is it ascertained by viewing it in a great variety of times and places. In this way its aspect becomes varied and manifold. We see it in all ages and countries, and in every locality, its peculiar local forms. Among rude and unorganized people, where agriculture and the care of flocks are the principal employments, and society is composed of sportsmen and warriors, it is to be traced chiefly in capitals and courts; further on, it takes a definite form in the rites of religion and the families of sovereigns; but when man finally turns to the pleasures of social life, and conversation becomes the popular amusement, it gradually insinuates itself into their habits and manners, and increases in its application as society advances. It is fitted for a higher order of civilization—when these natural and rural pursuits give way to the more artificial pleasures of society. Hence it has ever been the constant companion of kings.

It is also observable, that it has always kept pace with the improvements in dress, furniture, and equipage—partly from the increasing refinement in taste, and partly from the principal of contrast. A man with a homely phrase in his mouth is well dressed to no purpose; on the contrary, he is more an object of ridicule, inasmuch as he is rendered conspicuous. So when the "single dress of a woman of quality is the product of an hundred climates," taste has become equally nice and fastidious, and conversation will be equally versatile and showy.

But scarcely anything can better show the influence it has upon us, although imperceptibly, than the part it is made to perform in the plays of Shakespeare; to a common eye it is the chief guide in the estimation of character, and the perpetual standard of reference for the symmetry of the parts. It does not, indeed, help out his nice delineations in character, or improve his masterly touches in human nature, but by its use the gradations are formed, and the outlines of the play more vividly impressed. It apprizes us of the approach of a king or the presence of

a clown, as readily as if we saw the retinue of the one, or heard the low vulgarity of the other.

Moreover, it cannot escape us that ceremony is the appropriate dress for the conversation and intercourse of exalted characters. Indeed, so imposing is its appearance, and so powerful is its influence upon all classes, and every rank, that it has ever been made to subserve the purposes of ambition. In the blazonry of the Vatican its corruption is forgotten. The splendor of the throne has shed around it an almost unapproachable majesty, while the pageantry and display observed in the inauguration of Sovereigns, the magnificence of levees, and reception of Princes alike attest its significance. Ceremony is the genius of the Catholic religion, and it is the rampart behind which royalty has ever intrenched itself. Removed far away from the people, and viewed at a distance, men are magnified into the viceregents of heaven, and the blood that courses their veins is thought to be royal and sacred.

If when carried to such extremes it has such an irresistible influence, what can it not do in its simplicity, when brought down to our capacities and natures, and applied to the delightful and manly pleasures of conversation? If it can give lustre to the papal power, what can it not do to strengthen and embellish our social natures?

Whatever may be said of etiquette, a degree of ceremony is indispensable. It is the best assurance of social happiness, and the safest pledge of domestic peace. Where law cannot reach, and delicacy forbids rebuke, ceremony is the only corrective. It also heightens the charm of conversation, and while it improves our social nature, increases our self-respect by clothing our intercourse with dignity.

### Solitude.

*Beatus ille qui procul negotiis, etc.*—HORACE.

*Solitude is sometimes best society.*—MILTON.

THERE is no doubt that man is a social being, trite as the truth may be, dependent on his fellow man for a great amount of the happiness which he derives from this world, and receiving a great addition to his happiness in another world from the society of other blest spirits like himself. This tendency to association is manifested more in man than in any other being of the animal creation, because he is endowed with a



rational nature, capable of affording him the highest pleasure, or of reducing him to the deepest misery, and he depends on others for all the amenities which make life agreeable, as well as for those supplies of necessity which make it tolerable. But, although according to all the principles of philosophy and the manifest indications of nature, we were intended freely to communicate with one another, and long continued withdrawal from society usually results in the abatement, if not in the entire destruction of our happiness, still there are circumstances under which most persons feel that perfect solitude is productive of more real and substantial satisfaction, and more essential advantage, than the society of their best friends. It is our present purpose to enumerate some of its pleasures and advantages.

One great source of pleasure evidently consists in absence from the annoyances to which any one of delicate sensibilities or good principles is subjected, if he mingles much with the world. We cannot pass a day in the ordinary transaction of business, without meeting with innumerable instances of impertinence, abuse, or fraud, so that Byron has well said,

\* \* \* \* Society, which should create  
Kindness, destroys what little we had got.  
To feel for none is the true social art  
Of the world's stoics—men without heart.

If this be true, it may well be a matter of some doubt, whether any *good* man is not better pleased with solitude than with society, when he considers merely the immediate effect on his own mind; when he has regard to the good which he may do, or to the happiness which he may be the means of communicating to others, this will of course modify his desire for solitude, according as his sense of duty may dictate. There is another source of pleasure in solitary contemplation of the beauties of nature, for the celebration of which poets have put forth the highest efforts of their genius. The pleasure derived from the majesty, grandeur, and beauty of natural objects, is entirely marred by the presence of another, unless that other can enter fully into the sentiments of our own soul; and when we reflect, how few there are who can sympathize with us in all our feelings, we shall recognize in general the superior pleasure of being alone. For this reason, too, when we are in deep sorrow, there is a kind of pleasure in retiring where no impertinent curiosity or officious efforts at consolation on the part of others may seek to pry into the cause of our grief, or may jar upon our overburdened nature, but where we may commune alone with our own heart.

But we will not encroach so much upon the limits of poetry as to expatiate farther upon this branch of the subject, although it is capable of opening to us many other sources of delight. There are moral and intellectual advantages, to be obtained from solitude, of far greater importance than any pleasures of ease or imagination. It offers an opportunity for the increase of knowledge, both practical and speculative. There is a widely prevalent impression, that we shall add greatly to our stock of knowledge by frequenting the society of great and learned men. This might be true, if great and learned men were in the habit of talking as they write; but how little this is the fact, any one of ordinary observation can readily see. Great men in society become the slaves, and conform to the practices of society, and if any one attempts to introduce into conversation, in select circles, as they are called, the discussion of some great principle, or some other similar subject, worthy of our earnest attention, "*ennui*" is depicted upon the countenances of most of those present; his conversation is voted arrant pedantry, and he is considered to be decidedly wanting in the graces of politeness. The weather, the last novel, the next play, the ball at which all the "*élite*" were present, the probable Spring fashions, the aspect of the political horizon, and such like, are the topics which engross the principal attention of almost every circle, so that there is actually more real profit to be derived from a private conversation with an illiterate but intelligent mechanic, than from that of most learned men in general society. In this view of the matter, it is not strange that solitude offers great inducements to the scholar. It is here, that by means of books he is brought into *real* contact with great minds, and that through nature he can come into communion with the Infinite Intelligence.

"The man to solitude accustomed long  
Perceives in everything that lives a tongue.  
Not animals alone, but shrubs and trees,  
Have speech for him, and understood with ease."

From both these sources he may discover innumerable schemes of wisdom, and elaborate many systems of truth concerning the structure of the physical and mental world, of which he may make practical application for the good of mankind.

But there is a still higher advantage in solitude than that which it affords for the acquisition of mere worldly wisdom. It is evident that contemplation on religious subjects is one of its legitimate results. Nature, too, is vocal with the praises of the Deity, and no one whose heart is tuned to any kind of harmony with her music, can fail to be deeply

and solemnly impressed with the existence, power, and goodness of God, after meditating upon His works. The ancients showed their appreciation of this truth, by placing their temples in groves and solitary places, thinking that the rites of their religion would be performed with far more devotion, when the worshippers were removed from the distractions incident upon the more frequented haunts of men. It is to be regretted that we do not pay greater attention to the same principle in the location of our own houses of worship. Again, a man of a sensitive and generous nature is placed under peculiar difficulties in regard to doing what he thinks to be right in matters of every day life.

\* \* \* "The world's a school  
Of wrong, and what proficient swarm around!  
We must imitate, or disapprove;  
Must list as their accomplices, or foes,"

so that to such a nature the world presents but little which is attractive. Such a man, knowing that he must sacrifice either his peace or his innocence, finds relief only in solitude. Much stress is laid upon the duty, incumbent on every one, to do as much good as he can in the world, and those hermits are blamed, who shut themselves up in convents, or retire to solitary places to spend their lives. But if they interfere in no respect with the rights of others by their retirement, we may perhaps be justified in believing, that they can do more good by their occasional appearance among men, than they would do by continual residence with them, exposed to temptations by which they might be corrupted, and lose *all* their good influence.

It is often objected that separation of ourselves from society is selfish and unphilanthropic. But even if we throw out of view the benevolent deeds for which solitude may prepare us, and regard it as indulged in principally for our own gratification, it may still be doubted whether there is more real selfishness in the desire to be alone, than exists in the hearts of those who are the most active members of society. In society we wear, as it were, a mask. Not only those who play the hypocrite, but all, often unconsciously, adapt themselves to the conventionalities of social life, and veil their selfishness under the guise of a desire for the good of others. It is in solitude alone that we are ourselves, that we allow full play to our nature, and it is not improbable that there have frequently been more efforts put forth in solitude for the true interests of humanity, than the most famous philanthropist ever dreamed of.

But while we laud the pleasures and advantages of solitude, we must not forget, that it is not every man who is adapted to indulge in it with

safety for long seasons. If one is not excited to deep study, either of nature, of the accumulated mass of wisdom which books afford, or of his own mind, but passes his time in listlessness or mere reverie, he cannot use solitude aright, and may, with propriety, be called selfish and foolish, if he do indulge in it. Again, if one have upon his mind the consciousness of some great wrong committed, unrepented of, and unatoned for, the terrors of remorse will deprive him of all pleasure from solitude. But these circumstances do not detract from the argument for its utility to persons of well balanced mind and clear conscience.

Thou shalt weep in solitude, thou shalt pray in solitude,

Thou shalt sing for joy of heart and praise the grace of solitude;

Pass on, pass on!—for this is the path of wisdom,

God make thee prosper on thy way! I leave thee well with solitude.

W. J. H.

---

### National Songs.

FEELING must have expression. Human nature is not strong enough to conceal its deepest emotions. These demand utterance. When smothered they prey upon the heart and undermine all true happiness. So dependent is man upon his fellow—so powerful is the social element in his bosom, that interchange of thought is absolutely necessary to peace of mind. If sorrow afflicts us, we find a relief in speaking of it to others. Their sympathy takes away half the intensity of our suffering. When we experience emotions of joy, these, too, are heightened by communication with our friends. The first promptings of a joyous heart is to share its pleasures. It is the nature of all deep feeling to embody itself in language. And the stronger the feeling, the bolder will be the words which express it. Nothing is more commonly observed than that passion vents itself in pointed phrases and striking metaphors. Its expression, therefore, will generally be poetic.

Accordingly we find that the earliest literary productions of every nation are those of the bard. Then humanity is unfettered by the shackles of civilization. The passions are strong and ungovernable. Man is swayed by his feelings. Reason, whose proper development belongs to a riper civilization, has not yet assumed its control. At such a period, when the affections are superior to the judgment, and the emo-

tions never subjected to restraint, a song is in the mouth of every man. National melody, then, is the embodiment of national feeling.

This melody is always characterized by a tone of triumph. Nor could anything be more natural. The language of song is, for the most part, joyous. Dirges, to be sure, are sung, and soldiers beat their muffled drums. But the outburst of sad thought is not generally sad music. Grief manifests itself by tears and sobs, or a silence, to which tears and sobs would bring relief. It is only when the school-boy is pleased, that he whistles, or warbles his boyish notes. The hard-working laborer sings—not, however, to complain of his trials, but to dissipate his sadness by the excitement of joyous emotion. National melody, therefore, is an embodiment of the nation's *joyous feelings*.

But when a whole country rejoices, there must be some very potent influence at work in its midst. That for which it sighs, that for which it fights, that for which all its institutions are established, is Liberty. It is only, when it is animated by a strong desire to obtain this boon, or is actually engaged in procuring it, or is already glorying in its possession, that a people sings. National melody expresses the nation's *love of Liberty*.

Viewed as an embodiment of *feeling*, it becomes an important study to the historian. History, in general, exhibits the progress of institutions. It shows us how a people's mind is developed and reaches after the higher grades in social and civil advancement. It records great deeds and great battles. But seldom can it delineate to us, with faithfulness, the workings of the national heart. These can be learned best by studying the songs of the land. The historian narrates events with the cold eye of a philosopher. He views them with reference to their causes and effects—with reference to the quota which they have contributed to a growing civilization. But in a country's ballads we hear it speaking of its own deeds, and to the description there is given all the coloring of excited feeling.

It is for this reason that these songs are such an element of power. It has been said that he who makes them can control the popular mind far more easily than he who makes the laws. The latter appeals to reason, the former to passion, which, when untutored, is stronger than reason. It is evident, also, that they can be made dangerous instruments where the long enjoyment of civil privileges has not rendered the people enlightened and capable of governing themselves. From their very nature we infer this truth; for feeling is their characteristic, and feeling is always an unsafe guide. No greater cruelties have been com-

mitted than those of which a French mob has been guilty, while intoxicated with the inspiration of the Marseilles Hymn. At bottom it may have been animated by a desire for liberty. But it was a vague, half-formed desire, having no definite end in view. Though liable, however, to be used so as to be detrimental, they do yet accomplish, in many instances, what is for the best interests of a country.

Viewed, also, as an embodiment of *joyous* feeling, popular melody is an interesting study for the historian. In tracing the growth of empires there is much that is disheartening. We see Humanity sink beneath the galling effects of bad government. The progress of the world is the history of a heart-rending struggle against tyranny. But when we look among the nations and gather together their ballads, the darkness is illumined. These are gleams of joy in the midst of despondency. They are the evidence, that man hopes even when all around him seems to be lost. The songs of centuries ago, expressing, as they did, the *determinations* of mankind, were the harbingers of a brighter day.

The uses which they serve in the cause of human advancement, are very important. There are periods when, among a people, the object of universal desire is liberty. Some new infringement of its rights has aroused the nation, and all its energies are about to be directed to the attainment of one end. In every bosom there is intense feeling. All have a deep longing for something, and a deep hatred of something. These emotions demand expression. Then the bard, himself animated with the enthusiasm of the whole, becomes the organ of the whole. He embodies in words what the nation desires to speak out, but cannot. His song, like the eruption of a volcano, is the out-bursting of long pent-up sentiment. Its power is immense. It inspires the people, and, under its guidance, their labors are lightened. In war music oftentimes supplies the place of courage. The sound of life and drum makes many a coward brave. So in great crises the influence of song is to urge the people to noble action. At such times the songster is more powerful than the orator. Or rather, if the exertions of the latter begin the movement, those of the former, by the sweet cordial which they administer, enable it to be carried through. The one makes the warrior shoulder his musket, the other nerves his arm, while he uses it.

But these ballads continue to have an influence long after the opening struggle has passed. Even after the nation has become fixed in the highest principles of civilization, after it has grown old in refinement and the blessings of liberty, they still inspire feelings of joy. The use which they now serve, however, is of a different character. Formerly

they were necessary. Without their inspiration the nation may not have been able to bear up under its difficulties. Now it recurs to them as to a pleasant pastime. The individual, when harassed by the cares of life, resorts to music for amusement. So a people, whose government is beyond the reach of tyranny, turns with pleasure to the songs of its earlier history. A study of them increases the love, which is borne to the civil privileges, at present enjoyed. But their influence can, by no means, be so general or so powerful as at first.

Viewed as indications of an *affection for liberty*, they reveal to the historian the important fact, that those countries which have enjoyed the most freedom, abound most in popular melody. The Saxon race, both in the earlier and more modern periods of its growth, is remarkable for its noble songs and inspiring ballads—the Saxon race whose characteristic feature is the principle of individual independence.

EAICEAUE.

## Memorabilia Yalensia.

### OBITUARY.

DIED, in New Haven, on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 16th, HOWARD H. WHITE, of New Haven, a member of the Freshman Class in Yale College.

At a meeting of his classmates, held Feb. 18th, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, we have been called by a visitation of an infinitely wise Providence, to mourn the death of our friend and classmate, Howard H. White, therefore,

*Resolved*, That we have been deprived of one much beloved and esteemed for his frank and manly disposition, his modest bearing and piety, whose memory we will ever affectionately cherish.

*Resolved*, That we do deeply sympathize with the friends of our deceased classmate, and yet rejoice with them in the consolation, that our common loss is his eternal gain.

*Resolved*, That from respect to his memory, we wear the customary badge of mourning for thirty days; and that a Committee of six be deputed to accompany the remains to their interment at Danbury.

*Resolved*, That copies of these Resolutions be transmitted to the relatives of the deceased, to the New Haven and Danbury press, and Yale Lit. Magazine.

EUGENE SMITH,	} Committee.
CHARLES B. WHEELER,	
JOSIAH E. KITTERIDGE,	
WILLIAM K. HALL,	
WILLIAM BADGER,	

## LINONIA BISHOP PRIZE DEBATE,

*Wednesday, Jan. 10th, 1856.*

*Umpires.*—Professor Denison Olmsted, Dr. Worthington Hooker, Hon. Henry E. Peck.

The following Prizes were awarded:

*1st Prize*, J. Garrard, of the Sophomore Class.

*1st Prize*, C. F. Robertson, of the Freshman Class.

*2d Prize*, E. Carrington, of the Freshman Class.

*3d Prize*, E. Seymour, of the Sophomore Class.

## BROTHERS' PRIZE DEBATE,

*SOPHOMORE CLASS, January 9th, 1856.*

*Umpires.*—Hon. T. B. Osborne, Hon. H. B. Harrison, Rev. L. W. Bacon.

*1st Prize*, F. A. Noble.

*2d Prize*, { T. M. Adams,  
E. G. Scott.

*FRESHMAN CLASS, January 12th, 1856.*

*Umpires.*—Hon. Henry Dutton, Prof. J. D. Dana, Prof. J. A. Porter.

*1st Prize*, G. H. Coffey.

*2d Prize*, D. C. Hannahs.

*3d Prize*, W. Fletcher.

## SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

At the regular Society Elections, held Dec. 12th, 1855, the following Officers were chosen:

## LINONIA.

Chauncey M. Depew,

John M. Brown,

A. T. Galt,

N. Smith,

*President.**Vice-President.**Secretary.**Vice-Secretary.*

## BROTHERS IN UNITY.

Charles T. Catlin.

Edward P. Nettleton.

L. N. Bradner.

M. M. Greenwood.

## Editor's Table.

WELL, gentle Reader, the month so calumniated in standard verse is upon us, and we answer its call to renewed editorial duty, with the most ready alacrity. We grasp our pen and proceed to take a survey of things in general. The congressional fry we discover to be indulging in daily broils over the stew of new territory politics. The cabinet steadily asserts its dignity and that of this "universal Yankee nation," and recommends a sea-voyage to the astute repre-





THE  
VALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED BY

The Students of Yale College.

THE TWENTY-FIRST VOLUME of this Magazine commences with October, 1855. Three Numbers are published during every Term, and nine Numbers complete an Annual Volume.

Contributions to its pages are solicited upon any subject of interest to students; but local, humorous, and spirited articles are particularly desired.

IN THE MEMORABILIA VALENSIA it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of College Life, and also to give such historical and statistical facts as may be generally interesting.

TERMS.—\$2.00 a Volume, payable on the delivery of the First Number. Single numbers, 25 cents each: for sale by T. H. Pease, No. 83 Chapel-st.

Back numbers of the Magazine can be obtained at the College Library.

Communications or remittances may be addressed, through the Post Office, to the "EDITORS OF THE VALE LITERARY MAGAZINE," New Haven, Conn.